

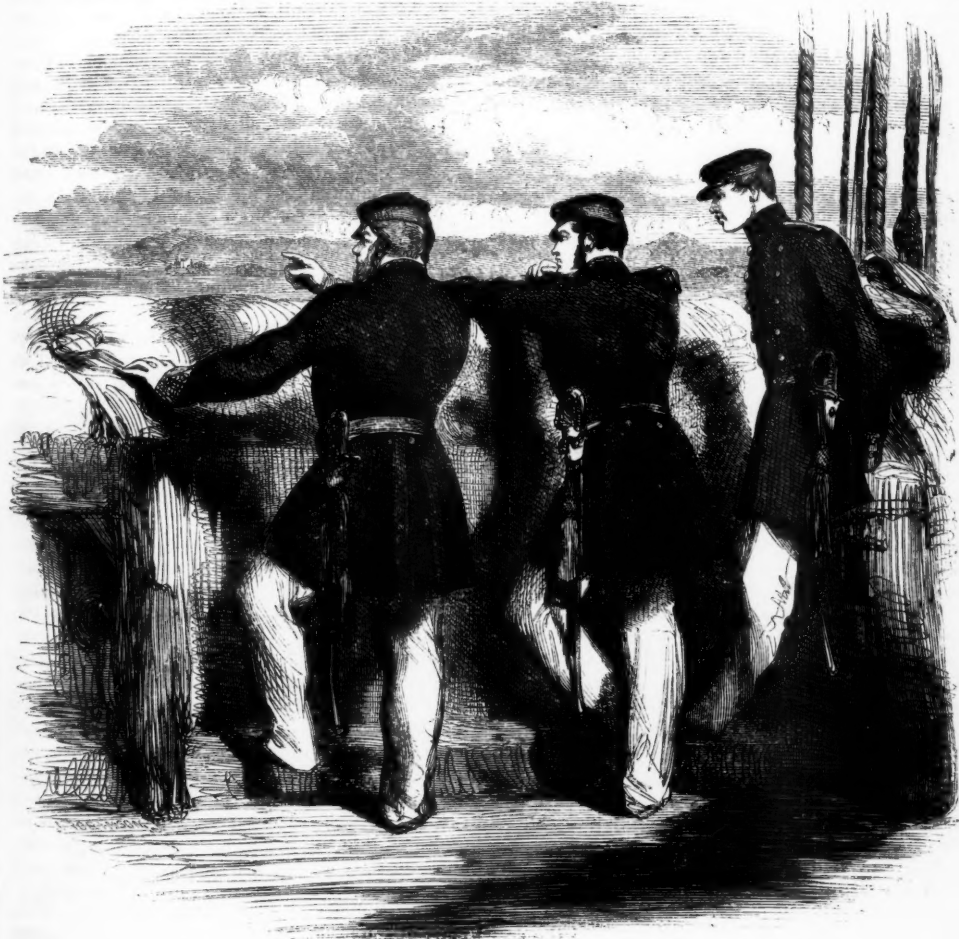
THE LEISURE HOUR

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"WELL, BROOK, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF JAMAICA?"

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY:

OR, ADVENTURES IN JAMAICA THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.—FIRST SIGHT OF THE ISLAND.

His Majesty's ship "Winchester," having on board a wing of the — regiment of the line, was lying in the "doldrums"—*Anglice*, becalmed—off the Island of Jamaica. Not a breath of air stirred; a tropical stillness was on the face of the deep.

No. 401. 1859.

I was fast asleep in my cot, when I was suddenly awoken by shouts and the sound of rushing water. The shouts proceeded from my friend and brother Sub., Gibson, who swung in a cot on the opposite side of the cabin (distant some five feet or so): the sound of rushing water was simply the sea pouring in at the open port. Our small marine cell seemed half full of water, and, as the ship heeled over—now to port, now to starboard—

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the wash of the mimic waves surprised fresh victims; and, even as I looked, I beheld my best forage cap floated off from the trunk on which, in fancied security, it was reposing, to join my boots, cigar-case, slippers, and various other articles unnecessary to enumerate, already engulfed and struggling for their lives.

"*Apparent vari nantes in gurgite vasto*," were the first words I uttered, for I was rather amused than annoyed at what I saw; though at my own expense, I could laugh at the age of twenty-four.

"Halloo!" cried Gibson, as we shipped another sea, and the "*rari nantes*" became "*multi nantes*," the additions being chiefly from his side of the cabin. "I say, Brook, what's to be done? our things will all be spoilt; and you lie there looking over the side of your cot, and doing nothing but quoting Greek:—here it comes again!"

Gibson was a capital fellow, but he was not a classical scholar.

In came another green wave.

"Oh, my gold watch! my new gold watch!" he shouted, as a slush and surge of the water rudely shook and overturned a hat-box, whereon the careful Gibson had deposited that much-valued and hitherto useful article.

"Oh, Brook! what's to be done?"

"Jump out, and close the port before she heels to starboard again."

"But the cabin is half full of water!"

"Never mind; you can swim; I have seen you; but look alive, or you will be too late."

Out jumped Gibson; he was only just in time; as he banged to the port, the green swell outside boomed against it with a dull heavy sound.

"Now then, Gibson, as you are in the water, just pick the things out of it, there's a good fellow. Hold your nightgown up, or you'll wet it. Why, I declare the water is over your ankles!"

"Over my ankles! it's up to my knees!" he growled; which assertion was as much beyond the mark as mine was within it. "Come, you lazy fellow, jump out and help," he added.

"All right!" I replied, and at the word I was at his side.

Reader, you would have laughed, as we did, had you seen the figures we cut, with our nightgowns tucked tightly between our legs, paddling about the cabin barefoot, rescuing our floating and sunken property as best we might.

"I can't find my watch," cried Gibson, who, with his sleeves turned up above his elbows, was groping about in the water.

"Dive, Johnny; it's entangled amongst the seaweeds at the bottom."

The words had scarcely left my lips, when, much to my amazement, he *did* dive.

"Oh!" he sung out, and down he went on his face and hands.

Up he scrambled, drenched and dripping. If he looked ridiculous before, you may fancy what he looked now.

I burst out laughing, of course, and so did he: we leant against the bulkheads, and laughed till we cried. It was very absurd, very childish, to give way as we did to "ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!"

and wisecracks, with grey hairs and furrowed brows, will say, "Pshaw! what rubbish!" Well, so it was "rubbish;" but we were young and thoughtless then; and, moreover, the incident, if in no other way meritorious, was true; for, reader, this is a true story. We therefore laughed long and loud.

"What was it, Johnny?" I said at last, when able to speak, "a crab, or a shark?"

"I hit my big toe against that horrid iron ring in the floor, and down I went. You don't know how it hurt," he added, as he stooped to rub the injured member, "or you wouldn't laugh at a fellow so."

I tried "to pull a long face," and to look sorry.

"Sit down, Johnny, sit down, and rub your toe at your ease, man. What signifies a little salt-water, more or less?"

"Not much," he replied, and down he squatted—slush into the briny—hoisted his wounded foot on his knee, and began to rub away with both hands, making the most hideous faces all the time.

Oh! those days, those joyous days of one's youth, when, buoyant with health and strength, with high flowing spirits, the foam of life came bubbling up to one's lips and evaporated in hearty, harmless merriment.

In the midst of our splashing and shouting the cabin-door opened, and the face of my servant appeared. We despatched him for help, which presently arrived in the shape of two ship boys with "swabs" and buckets, who, used to such things, speedily put all to rights.

We were soon dressed and on deck. Never shall I forget my first view of Jamaica—beautiful, treacherous Jamaica!

The eastern horizon was glowing with the beams of the rising sun—a misty, quivering, subdued light; brighter and brighter, ruddier and ruddier, yet more and more fiery, more and more gorgeous—ah! he is up! and the whole heavens blaze in glory!

See those dark lofty mountains, their peaks purple with splendour, cutting clear and defined into the brilliant sky. See how the mists of night are rolling away from the deep gullies and ravines, heavy though they be, inert though they seem; see how the fierce tropical sun bursts through! how the dark mass is riven asunder—split, broken, scattered into thousands of light, flickering clouds; and now they too are gone, and the glorious luminary shines resplendent in a pure and azure sky!

And now the scenery of the tropics, in all its marvellous beauty, bursts into view. No barren, naked, savage rocks dare to frown upon a scene so fair. Grand and sublime as the rough and rugged features of nature, when on a gigantic scale, undoubtedly are, they would be out of place here. Lofty as were the peaks of the Blue Mountains, they were clothed with the richest foliage to their very summits; and now, as the sun rose higher and higher, they quivered in the luminous atmosphere, dark shadows lying in the deep recesses—a grand contrast to the flood of light which swept across the mountains' side. At their base, a broad and rich vale stretched far, far away into the grey

distance. Never had I looked upon aught so lovely! "Could Eden! could the earthly Paradise have been more beautiful than this?" The thought arose involuntarily.

Reader, had I the brush of Claude, the pen of Milton, I should still despair of conveying even the faintest idea of that glorious scene, which positively bewildered me with its wondrous witching beauty! How, then, dare I attempt the description? how dare I hope to bring before thee that sweet valley slumbering in sunshine, with its golden fields of maze, its bright and graceful sugar-canes, its green meadows, its glittering streams, dancing in light, winding like threads of purest silver amidst nature's jewellery?

As the mists receded from the valley, where they still lingered, villages and houses, and long ranges of buildings might be seen nestled in amongst the hills, or along the river-courses, sparkling in the morning light; whilst nearer still, fringing the shore, from which we were scarcely three miles distant, topos of tropical trees, the palm, the cocoa-nut, the slender bamboo, the magnificent cotton tree, reared their lofty heads high into the pure atmosphere.

The sea—the many-coloured sea at my feet—blue, green, and gold, tints ever changing, ever shifting with each undulating motion of the tiny waves, as, breaking in each other's embrace, they cast a white feathery foam into the sunbeams, causing each spray to glitter with prismatic rays more brilliant and more beautiful than the diamond's flash—this wondrous sea was truly a fitting foreground to the paradise on which I gazed.

Long! long! did I look upon that lovely scene; silent and absorbed I heeded not the noises around me, though they were neither 'few nor far between;' the swabbing of decks, the coiling of cables, the harsh shrill whistle of the bo'sen (*Anglice*, boat-swain), his still harsher words of command, etcetera, etcetera, were all unheard and unheeded by me as I leant against the hammock nettings, and drank in the glorious panorama of the lovely world in which I lived—a picture of God's own painting! Never, never before had I imagined there was aught so beautiful on earth! Oh! even the youngest, the most thoughtless—and in those days I was both young and thoughtless—could not gaze upon such a scene without a feeling of wonder, admiration, and thankfulness, rising up in his heart towards the Creator of heaven and earth.

A rude slap on the shoulder, and a loud voice in my ear, effectually dispelled my reveries.

"Well, old fellow! what do you think of 'Jamaiky?'"

I could have pitched "old fellow" into the sea for interrupting the sweet visions in which my eye and my heart were revelling; but I refrained from even an expression of annoyance, for I liked Harry Holt, rough and unpoetical though he was. Harry Holt was our senior lieutenant; he was not one of fortune's favourites, and never had been. His father, a poor clergyman with a large family, could ill afford the £450 to purchase an ensigncy for his son in the — regiment of infantry, and, having effected this much, he could do no more. Harry was

launched into life with the pay of an ensign, (some £96 per annum,) to support his bodily requirements, and trusting to the casualties of service alone for promotion—a trust which had not altogether failed him; for was he not now, after thirty years' service, senior lieutenant, owing to death vacancies?

True, Harry Holt had seen beardless youths join our regiment, purchase over his head, become captains, majors, and even colonels, whilst he, "the toil-worn and travel-stained," still remained a subaltern; but Harry cared not for this: he knew that so it would be when first he joined; and, without troubling himself with abstruse calculations touching the purchase or no purchase question, without grumbling at the injustice and tyranny of the great and rich, without fretting and fuming at a system which, whether good or bad, he could not alter, he tamely and ingloriously submitted to "things as they were," accepted the position which he had of his own free will chosen, knowing the consequences, and was as contented and light-hearted a fellow as you would meet in a day's walk. Yes, Harry Holt was a universal favourite in the regiment: every one liked him, from the colonel to the little drummer Benjamin.

You could not help liking him if you tried; several of our fellows did try, but it was of no use. Good-tempered, warm-hearted, generous, and, best of all, high-principled, who could *but* like old Harry?

I have said that some fellows "tried *not* to like him;" I will explain why.

Harry Holt, with all his good temper and kindness, was strict on matters of duty—not of military duty alone, but of all duty, civil, social, and religious; of the duty towards our neighbour, and the duty towards our God; of the last, the most tenacious and the most strict.

It may easily be imagined that, amongst a parcel of boys fresh from school, each and all of these duties were frequently evaded. Youngsters thought it manly to swear, and knowing to shirk duty, to grumble at parades, and to abuse the colonel.

These precocious young gentlemen were often roundly rated by old Harry, and Harry was mighty plain spoken when plain speaking was necessary; and they kicked accordingly, and called Harry "an officious interfering old fellow," (not to his face, though,) but this ill-feeling never lasted—it couldn't: all, even the most thoughtless and the wildest of our lads, were won sooner or later by his frank, open-hearted, unselfish kindness. I have said "all" liked Harry Holt: I should have said "all but one;" there was one who did not—more of him anon. At present, let us return to the lovely scene from which we have been already too long separated.

"What did I think of 'Jamaiky?'"

There could be but one answer.

"Well, it *is* beautiful!" said Harry. "Ah! there is Blue Mountain peak—fine fellow! I have been a-top of him once, and will be again, please God—but there is no saying."

"No saying what, Harry?"

"No saying whether it *will* please God, (I say

it reverently,) that I shall ever see again the top of Blue Mountain peak; for this, though a lovely, is a very treacherous land, and has well earned its ill-omened name of 'The grave of Europeans.'"

"What, Harry, old fellow, beginning to despond already!" I cried, in my thoughtless folly.

"No, I am not afraid," he replied quietly; "but I know this climate well, and how fatal it is sometimes to Europeans; and that true and wholesome saying, 'In the midst of life we are in death,' comes more home to my feelings here than elsewhere; and therefore I draw nearer to God, not in fear, Brook, but it trust."

I was, and felt rebuked.

"But come, my boy," he added kindly, seeing that I was rather put out, "I mustn't begin by frightening you before you have landed; I was quartered here for three years, some six or seven years ago, and am still alive and hearty, you see; I only meant by what I said, that as this country certainly is 'false as fair,' it behoves us to live so as to be ready and prepared for a still fairer country, should it please God to remove us from hence."

"You are quite right, Harry," I said, squeezing his hand, which he placed in mine, for his words sunk deep into my heart; "thank you very much; it makes me thoughtful, but not sad; tell me more. You were here during a very sickly season, were you not?"

"I was; I shall never forget it; but it is a sad, sad tale—nothing but disease and death—it will only make you melancholy——"

"If you don't mind recalling the deaths of those, many of whom were friends, probably, I should like to hear more; but don't tell me if it distresses you."

Harry Holt rested his chin on his folded arms, as they pressed the hammock-nettings, and looked intently towards the shore.

"Do you see that long flat spit of sand stretching out there, Brook, with what seem sticks and posts stuck all over it?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"The Palisades."

I had heard of them before. It was the soldiers' burial ground; hundreds, thousands had there taken their last long sleep, far far away from home and country, from friends and kindred.

For several minutes we neither of us spoke, but leant over the hammock-nettings with our eyes and our thoughts intently, painfully fixed on that narrow spit of sand.

"And those are the tombstones, I suppose?"

"Yes, they are only wooden tombstones, though, and don't last long."

"Does the sea ever wash over that place, Harry?" I spoke in a low tone, for in truth I felt sad and subdued.

"No, but the sea-crabs do."

"The sea-crabs—what then?"

"What then? can't you guess?"

"No; ah, Harry! how horrid! you're not in earnest?" for Harry had scratched the hammock with his fingers and moved his jaws in a very significant manner.

"It's true, Brook, and I own that I should not like to be buried there."

"Pshaw, the brutes! how disgusting; it makes me sick to think of it!"

"Don't think of it, then: look there, we are just opening Port Royal."

But I could not so easily turn my thoughts, as I could my eyes, from the Palisades, and their sad, sickening memories.

"Were your fellows buried there?" I whispered.

"No; we were quartered at Stony Hill; but I won't tell you any more about it now: I want to point out the beauties of this magic isle to you; I forbid you to dwell on the doleful any longer; let's go forward; we shall see much better."

"Come, Johnny," I said to Gibson, who was looking listlessly at the beauties of nature, as though he knew them all by heart, and didn't think much of them. "Come on the fo'castle with Harry and me; we shall see twice as well there."

Gibson was not a lively or a loquacious youth. He muttered something about "seeing very well where he was," and "there wasn't much to see," but he lounged slowly after us.

VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF FRANCIS DRAKE.

PERHAPS some of our readers have perused that strange book, Kingsley's "Westward Ho." With its doctrines and principles, and the curious morality of its hero, we have nothing to do, nor with the singular point of view from which its author regards some portions of English history. We are not criticising the book. But the truthful delineations of the beautiful "West country" which it contains, have reminded us of many a spot in that fairy-land of England, and amongst the rest, of the birth-place of Drake, the gallant captain of the "Pelican," and the first circumnavigator of the globe.

Come with us, reader, to this window, and look out from it, up and down this narrow valley. Those granite-tipped hills, three miles and more away, which close it up on the east, are the tors of Dartmoor, glowing with a soft roseate hue in the evening light, whilst fleecy clouds float high above them, affording a bright presage of another bright day to-morrow. From that high ground, green hills bend one after another, until a little town and the remains of an abbey stand at the foot of the lowest, and an old brown massive church tower rises solemnly and darkly against the sunlight. That town is Tavistock, once written Tavystoke, or the place on the Tavy; the scene of a thousand traditions of varying interest; and from that old abbey the mitred abbots rode boldly up to take their places in Parliament with the barons of the realm. From thence they followed their liege lord the king, to the wars of France, with a little army of their vassals, the sturdy hunters and tanners of Dartmoor and the bold yeomen of Tavyside; and over all this town and the adjacent territory they were absolute lords even to life and death.

If you could look among those clustering roofs, you might see the narrow lane near the church where the abbot, who was Caxton's friend, established a printing press, the first in Devon, evincing that he was at least a generous patron, if not a cultivator of learning. Not far off stood the bridge, called Guile Bridge, because of the crafty deed by which the monks of Tavistock defrauded the monks of Plymstock in the matter of the noble Childe. Within that brown church the sexton will still show you the thigh-bone of the valiant Ordulph, son of Ordgar, the founder of the abbey, who could, so says tradition, stride the Tavy at a step; and in the churchyard stands a little portion of an older church, attributed by tradition to Saxon times.

Opposite to our window, across the beautiful river which runs below, too far below and too much among trees for sight, though not for sound, rises Whitechurch Down, across which lay the oldest road from Plymouth to Tavistock, and thence by Lydford, and Okehampton to the north of Devon. From this Down there is a glorious view over a wide expanse of Dartmoor on the one side, and across the country to the banks of the Tamar, to Hingston or Hengiston Down, (still bearing in its name the memorial of one of the old struggles of King Arthur with the Saxons,) to the Cheesewring Rocks, and, still further, to that proud desolate range, called the back-bone of Cornwall, sloping on the one side to Tintagel, and on the other to Restormel.

But our business is with the western view from the window, where soft low hills, covered with copse woods, rise from the banks of the Tavy. The sun, as we have said, is setting behind those western barriers, and dazzling our eyes; yet we can discern a wreath of blue smoke, just a mile and a half off as the crow flies. That smoke is from Crowndale Farm, the birth-place of the first circumnavigator. Shall we visit it to-night? It will not be too late, for we shall have moonlight for our return. So we go, through a little portion of street and a little bit of high road, and are soon beside the Tavy, clear and shallow, now wandering over loose boulder stones that make its brown waters foam, and gurgle, and splash, then flowing stilly over some deep pool above which the summer flies are playing and tempting the fish from the water. Now we turn from the river, and over stiles through a great pasture meadow, and gaze around us from lower ground at the same lovely view of Moorland Hills, ruins and green pastures, with the Tavy now full in sight. Up a little honeysuckle-wreathed lane, into a farm-yard full of cows, and that ivy-covered cottage before you is Crowndale Farm, once the residence of honest farmer Drake. There is not a sight or a sound to whisper of anything but pastoral content. And here trod the infant steps of one whose name was to be familiar and terrible in the then New World, whose flag struck terror into the hearts of the fiercest and bravest captains of Spain, and made the proud monarch of the Armada quail on his priest-encircled throne. Here he gathered the wild flowers, and led the flocks to pasture, and robbed the birds, we may well believe,

in the woods around the farm, as in after years he robbed the cities of the Spanish Main; for, dear reader, Drake was, it must be acknowledged, a buccaneer—what in these days we should plainly call a daring and successful pirate.

There is not a sound or a sight around the place to remind one of "the booming water's roar." Its faintest reverberations never reach that lovely valley. But the market and seaport town of Plymouth, then called Sutton Pool, was but fourteen miles off, and thither, no doubt, the farmer sometimes repaired, taking his son behind him, as the fashion then was. Perhaps he thus became smitten with a passion for the sea, and a desire to wander over the wide waters and to visit foreign lands. We cannot tell; we remember seeing in our childhood an old family portrait of him, which rises even now on our recollection as that of a hard and enduring, but by no means a noble or heroic, man. And his reputed conduct to Hawkins would bear out this estimate of his character. Probably he early left Crowndale, as his father, who was a zealous Protestant, was obliged during the Marian persecution to quit Devonshire, and went to reside in Kent. There, when Elizabeth came to the throne, he obtained the office of reader of the gospel to the sailors on the Medway, and finally became the minister of the little church of Upnor. His Protestant predilections had, doubtless, some influence on the mind of his son, who appears to have entertained a deadly hatred to Popery and Spaniards, very natural to a Protestant Englishman in the days when Mary's cruel persecutions were but as the records of yesterday, and the Netherlands were groaning and bleeding under their Spanish tyrants.

Francis Drake began life with the master of a small trading vessel, who, becoming attached to him, left him his ship. The affection he felt for Hawkins, with whom his family was connected, led him into a life of adventure and danger on the American coast, until he was accused, and we fear with some truth, of basely abandoning his commander in the hour of peril. But his marvellous voyage round the world raised him from a mere roving adventurer into a man of high position in the councils of Elizabeth, and the commander of her rising navy, and we all know that it was he who directed and mainly contrived that maritime defence of England which ended in the total defeat and destruction of the terrible Armada, and, humanly speaking, stopped the spread of the inquisition in Europe. Truly we may in this see the hand of Providence directing the counsels of those who were impelled to their work rather by a dread of oppression than the desire of God's glory.

In 1595, Drake was sent to the West Indies by Elizabeth, having, in connection with Hawkins, the command of twenty-six ships. Little but disaster and misfortune marked their progress, and Hawkins died at Puerto Rico in despair, and Drake repaired to Panama. Sickness made great havoc with his men, and on the day his fleet anchored at Puerto Bello, the scene of one of his boldest exploits, he died after an illness of twenty days. In the words of one of his contemporaries:—

"The waves became his winding-sheet;
The waters were his tomb;
But for his fame the ocean sea
Was not sufficient room."

So ended the wild eventful life begun in the calm peaceful valley. Did the sound of the soft moaning of the Tavy over its rocky bed ever seem to echo on the ear of the fever-stricken veteran as the heavy tropical waves beat on the sides of his vessel? Did he ever long, when the damp hot air came off from tropical shores laden with the heavy breath of a thousand blossoms, for one cool refreshing breeze from the hills of Dartmoor? And was that lovely valley the last mental picture that presented itself to the dying captain? We may well think so, when we remember the power which early and sweet recollections have even over the most untamed and daring natures.

But, as we have talked of Drake, we have wandered further amongst the soft hills, beneath the oak coppice, listening to the river swelling into rich full tones as the other sounds die away, all save the whisper of the wind in the tree-tops. Do not tread on that glowworm, nor on that other, as you raise your hand (guided rather by smell than sight) for that long spray of honeysuckle. Now we must return; and instead of retracing the steps we have come, let us climb up this bank, and follow the course of the Tavistock canal—a little thread of water cut to connect Tavistock with the navigable Tamar, and make coals and lime cheap to the worthy successors of the monks. Now our faces are set towards the east, and old Dartmoor is full in view, with the moon rising behind its crags, not now of a rosy hue, but of a dull gray, with here and there a dark patch over a deeper hollow than usual. Up comes the moon, rising behind its peaks, higher and still higher, lighting up the town, nestling among the hills, lighting up the pinnacles of the old abbey and the brown church tower, and darkening the shadows over Whitchurch Down, and across to the hills we are leaving. The merry peal of bells sounds from the tower; to us, however, there is no joy, but settled sadness in their tones. The air is full of the odour of meadow flowers, which drops down in the thick heavy dew. We leave the canal-side and come into the street again. A moment more and we are looking from the window into the valley, flooded with mist and moonlight. The ringers have left the tower, and only the murmur of the river meets our ear to disturb the silence—the strange breathing silence of a July night.

The view from the parlour window has been altered in some degree by newly erected buildings since we knew the old monastic town. Mining and railways have done the work, and in fact are still doing it, which they seem invariably to accomplish, that of destroying the remains and erasing the traditions of the past. Tavistock is said to be a rapidly improving town, and no doubt it is to modern eyes. We would not encourage an antiquarian sentimentality, and yet we would plead for the preservation over our land of some memorials of past ages which are being rapidly effaced by the tide of commercial progress. The past of England is as sacred as her present. Only by

what she *was*, could she ever have become what she *is*, and even her little towns should be encouraged to retain the landmarks of the bygone times.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

I LIKE the Zoological Gardens; there is so much to be seen and heard that is congenial to the kindlier feelings of man, and it shows a high state of civilization when a great and overcrowded city devotes part of its energies and space to the preservation and kindly treatment of animals, which the savage looks upon as things made solely and on purpose to be hunted and destroyed. More especially are the Regent's Park gardens delightful on a Saturday afternoon in the summer time. Taking a half-holiday, persons of all classes and of all opinions meet together, to see and be seen, to criticise and be criticised, while all ill-natured feelings are kept in check by that great harmonizer and magician of the human soul, music—music, too, of no ordinary kind, but a combination of melodious and heart-stirring sounds, produced from the bright brass instruments of the Life Guards band. The band is provided with a raised platform under the shade of some goodly trees, while numerous chairs are placed on the grass in front of them for the visitors. The music commences at four o'clock each Saturday, (season permitting,) and a few minutes after four, every chair is occupied; the sitters, after a time get wearied of the band, and walk about, giving place to those who have been standing.

A famous place for children this is, and much they enjoy their usual Saturday half holiday in these gardens. A little amusing excitement does children much good, particularly if it induces them to run about in the open air; for fresh air is as necessary to their growth as water is to young plants. It is curious also to remark the disposition of these little ones. Here comes a little fair-haired Saxon, clad in the garb of a Scotchman; his little kilt, sporran, and dirk make him strut along quite proud of his sturdy sun-burnt limbs, and he is perpetually pulling at his father's hand. "Oh! do come here papa; look at the bear. Oh! I think I should like to climb the pole like that;" a few minutes afterwards: "Oh! papa, I have not seen the monkeys; let's go and see the monkeys." But before he gets to the monkey house, the seal, splashing in the water, attracts his attention, and he runs round and round the seal's inclosure, watching him dive and come up again, as though he was playing a merry game of hide-and-seek.

Then we see the governess escorting her three young lady pupils, and dreadfully anxious she is that they don't get their frocks spoilt, or lose their gloves, for they *will* feed the monkeys; and Master Jacko does not take the accepted morsel with the politeness and courtesy that he ought, had he been a well-educated creature. It would be interesting to know how many hundred buns are sold on a Saturday in these gardens; it would appear that there is an idea in the public mind

that all animals feed on buns. We see half buns and bits of bread innumerable thrown in for the seal to eat. The seal knows the sight of them too well even to smell them: a mackerel or a sprat would be much more in his way. Then the otters are supposed to be bun-ivorous, as well as orange-ivorous; and little bits of buns and oranges are squeezed in through the bars of their cage for them to devour. The otters don't approve of the hot weather, nor of the buns, and remain coiled up in their straw till the shades of evening come on, and make it cool enough for them to come out to gambol in the miniature pond. The condor, the great vulture of the Andes, who could easily carry off in his talons the little child who is feeding him with buns, looks most disdainfully from his high perch upon the proffered food; but it is not wasted, for the rats come out when all is quiet and the condor is asleep, to pick up the bits from the bottom of the cage.

We should not imagine that the great Polar bear often finds penny buns floating about among the glaciers of the Arctic Sea, yet he has learnt to eat them in this country, and a great triumph it is for the visitors to get him to go into his artificial sea to fetch them out; a bath is agreeable to him this hot weather, and he doubtless thinks those who are looking at him would like a bath also, for when he comes out he gives himself a shake, whirling his shaggy coat about like a gigantic mop, and causing the assembled crowd to fly in all directions to avoid a shower-bath. The lazy bears in the pit are also great bun-eaters, and they doubtless think their climbing-pole a bun tree, which bears a fresh

haunches at the bottom and looking upwards with a pitiful air, swinging himself backwards and forwards like a professional London beggar. I almost expected to see a board by his side, with "Pity the poor bear" chalked upon it. He was a regular mendicant bear, this lazy fellow. Experience had taught him that it was no use climbing the pole to get the buns; he left that for the junior bears, the latest arrivals, to do; he waited quietly at the bottom, begging suppliantly, and got the bits they missed. On this occasion, he literally had been eating so many buns all the afternoon, that he would not touch one that was thrown right between his fore paws, and pushed it away from him, with the air of an over-fed gourmand.

From the top of the terrace by the bears' pit, we have a good view of the visitors crowding and pushing one another to see the lions and tigers fed. A few minutes before feeding time, they walk anxiously up and down the cage, lashing their tails, and trying to look round the corners of their dens for the meat keeper. The hyenas, whose cages are at the back of "Tigers' Row," ring the dinner bell with their unearthly laugh; not a pleasant sound, we guess, for the tired and benighted traveller around whose fire these very animals have probably crowded before they were made prisoners. It is now the traveller's turn to laugh, as he sees his persecutors under lock and key, and thinks to himself that the last time he heard them sound their dinner bell, he himself had a good chance of becoming "the dinner." The keeper, with a box full of uncooked meat, comes at last, and unhooking the lower bar pushes in a lump of meat on a fork into the tiger's den; instantly it is seized, the terrible claws sink deep into it, and with a terrible moan this magnificent beast growls defiance against all intruders. The crowd runs from den to den, to see the animals fed—an operation which seems always to cause great excitement; and we have often thought it lucky that there is a bar placed to keep them out of reach of the numerous feline paws that are protruded through the iron bars.

But the band is playing right merrily, and people are consulting their programmes to see what air or tune comes next; on the green grass yonder, a couple of little ones are enjoying a gambol together, while a tiny chit, which has just emerged from babyhood, but is still "the baby" in the nursery, has escaped the vigilance of its attendant and is endeavouring to make a "mud pie" with the dirty gravel. It is arrayed in splendid attire; but mindless of its pink sash, new shoes, and clean hands, it is grolvelling on the path: nature is asserting her right against art. Look at the little dirty, half-clad, sunburnt brats that make mud pies in the country village—what healthy, strong, hearty creatures they are, compared to our nursery plant, that instinctively seeks for freedom of motion for its limbs and congenial occupation for its infantile mind.

As a contrast to the numerous young children that are enjoying the fresh air and the music, we see in yon wheel chair a delicate young lady, evidently an invalid. Poor thing, she seems cheered with the band, and for a while forgets her



crop about every five minutes. The last time I looked into the pit, towards the end of a Saturday afternoon, I saw one of the bears sitting on his

bodily suffering. We trust her visit will act as a mental tonic to her, and form one step in her recovery towards health. I see also, in the distance, a poor old gentleman enveloped in a thick cloak,



even though it is a hot summer's day, as he is wheeled along. He looks pale, ill, and depressed with age and illness; he does not pay much attention to what is going on; still it does him good to bask in the sun, and smile kindly upon the baby occupant of the smart perambulator that gives him the go-bye on the gravel path.

It requires no small degree of courage to pass through the "high street" of this assembled crowd. The path is occupied on each side by battalions of ladies, all in their smartest and best uniform; and stationed on chairs placed in rows four or five deep, they look like Amazon riflemen in wait for the enemy. Their bright eyes fire perpetual cross volleys at the passer-by, and he may think himself lucky if his heart is not dangerously wounded by a single shot from you blue eyes which glance from under the ambush of a neat and becoming bonnet. Two country youths, in country attire, and carrying enormous ashén sticks, as though they expected that the rhinoceros would break loose during their visit, and that they would have to fight him single-handed, get unconsciously entangled among the promenading ladies. After a few efforts to escape, they lose their heads entirely, their awkwardness becomes doubly awkward, their confusion doubly confounded, and they beat their retreat amid the half-suppressed laughter as best they can.

Not a few of the visitors, at their first entrance, rush off to look at the animals, taking no notice of the loungers near the band; but even *they* like to look at such curiosities as are situated within ear-shot of the music. The glass-house, therefore, containing the vivaria, is greatly patronised. The

visitor, with the overture from Figaro still ringing in his ears, takes a look at the collection of "live minnows and sticklebacks, that fell a few weeks ago in the shower of fish at Aberdare," and wonders



where they *could* have come from. The amateur naturalist, who is explaining from the specimen exhibited how a lobster gets a fresh coat every year upon his back without having a tailor's bill to pay for it, suddenly breaks off his lecture, declaring he must hear "Weber's Grand Fantasia and variations of Euryanthe," and the young lady deserts the group of five live crocodiles, who are *not* shedding tears, and look too stupid ever to shed tears, to hear the Alice valse. When she arrives near the band for this purpose, she finds our very peculiarly ugly friend the wombat scampering up and down his wire inclosure, turning the corners with a jerk as though inviting his fair visitor to come and pirouette with him. The music excites him so much, and his domain is so near the band, that he can't possibly remain quiet at home in his straw, and must come out to give vent to his feelings by absurd gyrations, which might pass for waltzing in the court of the King of the wombats, far away in his native South Australian home.

The reptile house, full of venomous and non-venomous snakes; the kangaroos, the elephants, the giraffes, Mr. and Mrs. Hippopotamus, and other living wonders, whose quarters are the other side of the tunnel under the road, do not get much patronised on Saturday afternoons; the good folks do no more than give a glance at them and go off again. If you visit the gardens on a Monday—a sixpenny day—you will find crowds of honest people realizing from living forms what they had hitherto known only from picture books, and impressing on their minds facts which no engraving or verbal description, be it ever so accurate, could con-



H. G. S. del.

rey. But Saturday afternoon is essentially a lounging time; music and zoology on that day join hand to hand; the senses of sight and hearing are both gratified, all at the cost of one shilling. Reader, whether you are fond of music or natural history, or may be both, we hope to meet you next Saturday at the Zoological Gardens at four o'clock, and you will see for yourself what we have imperfectly endeavoured to describe.

THE MONTHS IN THE COUNTRY.

SEPTEMBER.

THE dawn of the first of September is signalised in the country by the sharp, ringing percussion of fowling-pieces, the barking of dogs, and the rise of little white puffs of smoke from wood and copse, from moorland and stubbles, where the unfortunate coveys of partridges which have been marked down for these weeks past are running the gauntlet among the early sportsmen. It is a complete massacre for the poor birds, who, all unsuspecting of what is afoot, fall an easy prey at first, until, scared and terrified by the incessant banging, they grow wild and suspicious, and the sport becomes a chase as well as a slaughter. It is, in fact, only when it is a chase, in which there is the chance of failure and the excitement of enterprise, that the killing of

partridges can be at all denominated a sport. When men meet in companies at a preserve, with scouts to drive the game, and lackeys to load the guns, and, almost without moving from the spot, slaughter their hundreds of game per man, the scene is one of butchery, not of sport, and has not a single redeeming feature connected with it. Yet such is the fashionable mode of sporting now-a-days among a certain section of the upper classes! One wonders where is the pleasure that men of breeding and refinement find, or profess to find, in such a pastime; yet a pleasure there must be, for the perpetrators of such deeds publish their exploits in the newspapers, with the idea, no doubt, of a certain merit attached to them.

There is a delicious charm in the aspect of rural nature in the September month, and it is probable that this adds not a little to the real delight with which the genuine sportsman pursues the flying game over hill and valley, and through dense wood and tangled brake. The clearness of the atmosphere is at no period of the year so remarkable; in this respect the climate seems changed; objects ten miles off appear almost near at hand, and distant hills and mountains, and far-off coasts at sea, which are invisible through nearly the whole of the remaining portions of the year, are now plainly seen. At the same time the grey hues in the distance are deeper and cooler; that warm shimmering haze

which veiled the far horizon all the summer long has disappeared, and the freshness of the foreground colouring is carried on over miles of perspective, fading imperceptibly away with the pure purple tints that bound the view.

In the depths of the forest, where the green gloom has so long prevailed, the cheerful light now begins to diffuse itself; this is due, not so much to the fall of the leaf, for that has scarcely begun, as to the general shrinking and flagging of the foliage, which marks a weaker circulation of the sap, and the change which is now everywhere perceptible in its colour—the deep green having given place to tints of red, brown, and yellow, which absorb less light and reflect more. The careful observer will note that it is not the same season in the depths of the forest as it is in the open fields: many a beautiful summer flower which has long vanished from the hedge-rows and the waysides still blooms in the dark woodland glens; the scorching sun of July and August has failed to reach them, and here they stand in all their unscathed loveliness, inviting his hand, and cheating him into the belief that summer yet reigns. Here is the blue-bell, the ox-lip, the arum; nay, here too, deep under the rank grass that shrouds the roots of the hazel on which hang the ripe clusters of nuts, yet blooms the pale primrose, its petals almost snow-white from its long and lingering sojourn in the shade.

The wild fruits of wood and field now offer a way-side harvest to whomsoever chooses to gather them. Foremost among these are the crab-apples, mellow and ruddy to the eye, but distilling veritable verjuice to the teeth—the spoil of truant boys, and rustic urchins, defiant of gripes and colic. Then there are pears by the million, yellow and russet-faced, but no more penetrable by Master Bob's grinders than is the street-door knocker, being little else than so many spheres of solid timber. The wild plum is as great a delusion, and so are the bullace and the sloe—all three being elegant objects to look at, but stinging and acrid to the palate. Not so is the blackberry, which now begins to ripen on every hedge, and which offers its sweet and juicy fruit for the price of a few scratches from its long thorns. Blackberrying is now a favourite sport with children of all grades. The poor, in many districts where they abound, pick them in large quantities for the market; and go into what market you may in September, you will see vast heaps of them offered for sale. Tons of them are sold in the season in the manufacturing towns of the north, and tons more that are not sold are eaten by the children of the poor in the rural localities, who are too glad at any time to supplement their scanty meals with anything eatable which may be had for the gathering. Besides the blackberries, there are the luscious fat dewberries, growing nearer the ground, and there are the berries of the white thorn, and the hips of the dog-rose; with all which cottagers' children and truant schoolboys will satisfy the sharp appetite generated by rambling in the woods and lanes.

Another harvest, spontaneous and gratuitous, which is gathered abundantly in September, is that of mushrooms. On certain moist soils they are

now to be met with in thousands, and they are gathered not only by the rustic poor, but by men who make a business of hunting them for the city markets, who start on their quest in the dead of the night, and pluck them in the dew of the morning, ere that delicate aroma which clings to the first hours of their existence has departed. These are the mushrooms *par excellence* so much prized by the gourmand, and which we see plump and round and creamy-tinted, scarcely bigger than buttons, arranged in tempting rows in the half-crown baskets in Covent Garden. Those of a larger growth, turned black and seamy, and twenty times the diameter, are used in large quantities as the material of ketchup; some of them are even as big as the head-dress of a modern belle, and would almost vie with a fashionable parasol. Together with the mushrooms, the fields and forest lands produce at this time almost every species of fungus in equal plenty. Most of these probably have their uses, though what these uses are is not generally known; some of them are formidable objects to look at, big as a chair-bottom, tough as leather, and viscous to the touch, while others are altogether as slight and fragile, crumbling to dust in the hand that gathers them. There seems to be no limit to the size of the fungus when circumstances are favourable to its growth. We remember a specimen which made some noise in the world about twenty years ago: a gentleman residing in a villa in Somersetshire, on entering his snugery one evening, to smoke his accustomed pipe, was startled on observing that the floor of the room bulged upwards in the middle, the convexity being so great as almost to split the carpet. Next morning matters looked worse, and a carpenter was called in to investigate. It turned out on examination that the floor had been lifted from its place by some monstrous fungi which had taken possession of a small cellar below, had filled up the entire space between the walls, and were now expanding upwards at a prodigious rate per hour. The tough, elastic, cartilaginous-looking mass had to be hewn away with axes, and carried off by cartloads.

Though many cautions have been published from time to time, in reference to mushroom gathering and mushroom eating, it would seem that mistakes are easily made in this matter, since a season rarely passes in which people are not poisoned through their inability to discriminate between the noxious and the wholesome fungi, both of which are so numerous in our island.

Pleasantest of all the wild fruits, and the one connected with the most agreeable associations, is the hazel nut, which grows so plentifully in the underwood of the forest. It is to be lamented that thousands of bushels of nuts perish and rot every year, owing to the inclosure laws which shut out the poor from this kind of harvest, and that year by year there are fewer opportunities of gathering it. A nutting expedition on a fine September day is a thing to enjoy and remember for years. First, there is the preparation for the pic-nic, the stowage of cold viands, pastry, bottled ale, and crockery, in the country carts which are to take us to the spot. Then there is the drive of five or ten miles to the

forest; and when there, the selection of a spot under some immemorial oak, where to pitch the tent. Then John Coble, the driver, busies himself with the fixing, the unpacking, the contriving and arranging of seats, the screening of the windward side with boughs, the laying of the cloth, and all the etceteras of the dinner table; while the nutters, crooks in hand, plunge at once into the forest depths and commence their spoil. Shouts of laughter ring from the shady nooks in the greenwood, and now there comes a cry of "Six!" indicating that somebody has found a branch of six nuts; then, after a pause, that challenge is answered by a cry of "Seven!" and by and by, by one of "Eight!" Then, perhaps, a voice will call out "Nine!" to which a response is heard in various quarters, of "Show, show!"—nine nuts in a cluster being a rarity not often met with. By degrees the shouts and the laughter grow faint in the distance; the nutters are scattered far and wide, and lost in the green wilderness around, and all you hear is the song of thrush or blackbird, the rustle of the leaves in the old oak above, and the stilly gurgle of the little brook that all unseen is for ever singing its quiet tune as it winds its way through the underwood.

But by and by dinner is ready; it is more than an hour past noon; the hams, the roast beef, the apple pies, the jam tarts, the custards, the sandwiches, the bottled ale, the gooseberry wine, all are now spread invitingly on the snow-white cloth; and Dame Coble, who has been helping John in the business, thinks it is quite time that the company should be summoned to partake of the good cheer. So John steps to his cart, and pulls out from under the seat a long battered tin horn, which has done duty on such occasions fifty times before, and mounting as high as he can in a neighbouring tree, blows a tremendous boo-oo-ing blast upon it, which rouses all the echoes of the forest far and near. At first there is no reply, for the responding voices are too far off to be heard; but John blows again still louder, and now the echoes are followed by answering shouts, and "Aho, hoy!" comes swelling faintly from all points of the compass at once, and then it is a race among the nutters who shall get first to the tryst; and soon there is the pattering of feet, the merry laugh, the bantering reply, and the woods, again vocal with merriment, give up the fugitives, who in double quick time are seen reclining round the greenwood feast, and doing summary justice to the viands. And a right cheerful repast it is; comical calamities are recounted, torn flounces are exhibited and bemoaned, the spoils are displayed, the bunch of nine produced, and fine slip-shelled specimens paraded. Meanwhile, the gooseberry wine is broached and many toasts are drunk, till it is time to be off to the woods once more and fill the nut bags. This time the young people have the harvest all to themselves, the elders preferring to light their pipes and sit out the afternoon in the shadow of the old oak. John Coble, meanwhile, slings the kettle, gypsy fashion, on a tripod of green boughs, and lights a fire of dry sticks under it, to prepare for tea.

At half-past five the old horn is blown again; the young folk answer with a cheer, and return to the trysting tree. "But where is Tom Davis? ah, and where is Polly Parsons? who saw them last? Coble, give us a blast." Boo-oo: Tom Davis, aho!" "I sees 'em," says Coble, "yander they comes together!" and sure enough there go the couple, thinking of anything but hazel nuts, that's plain. But there is no hurry; the tea and the talk lasts over sundown, during which the remains of the viands, the empty bottles, the crockery, and the etceteras are deliberately repacked in the carts, and the moon is up and the stars are out as the chattering *cortège* makes its exit from the forest into the hard open road, and trots gaily onward towards home. Soon there is a sound of music in the foremost cart; three or four of the young people have struck up a madrigal, and their mellow voices sound harmoniously as they mingle with the rub-a-dub of the horses' feet. It is nine o'clock by the time they get home, where a good supper awaits the whole party, and the pleasures of the nutting day are closed round the hospitable board.

The chief rural occupation of September is without doubt the hop-picking, which is now actively going on in Kent, and in all the hop districts. This is a spectacle with the details of which our readers are already familiar, and upon which, therefore, we need not dwell at any length. It affords employment during a considerable period to a large and very various class of the humblest poor as well as of the rank above them; the extent to which it is carried on may be judged in some degree by the immense quantities of hops which are seen travelling the high roads in all directions citywards during the latter part of the month. Down at Tangle, Dobbs is getting in his peculiar speculation, and has reason to believe that this year at least he shall do well by it. He has further a residuum of corn crops to get in, though not much. His ploughs are at work on the fallows, and a good portion of the land will be sown with wheat before the month is out, and tares and clover seed will be in the ground. There are not many poor women at work on the farm just now, and if you look for Nelly Bunce you will not find her. She is busy in other quarters, driving a trade which she made for herself several years ago. In September Nelly goes, with her boy Billy, into the woods and along the road sides "elder-berry-ing." The berries, of which she can gather as many as she likes, she sells wherever she can, but chiefly to the farmers' wives of the district, for making elder wine, which, when it is made as it ought to be, is a capital cordial for a weary man after a hard journey, or for an ailing man in want of an efficient yet harmless stimulant. Billy is in the habit of eating the berries, and will not be cured of the trick by the nausea and sickness which nine times out of ten punishes his trespass.

At the close of September comes Michaelmas time—an awful time for the geese. It is an immemorial custom for all who can afford it to eat goose on Michaelmas Day: there is a proverb to

the effect that, if you eat goose on Michaelmas Day, you will not want money all the year round. We suspect that the terms of the proposition have been twisted some way, and that the right reading would be, "Those who have money all the year round may eat goose on Michaelmas Day." Be this as it may, geese are eaten at Michaelmas time, and that in prodigious numbers: the first of September is not more fatal to partridges than is the twenty-ninth to geese. Mrs. Dobbs is quite willing that affairs should be so; she caused a round number of goslings to be hatched in the spring, and now she has an equal number of fine fat geese ready for Bilsbury market. Some score or two of these, young Giles will kill for her, and they will be sent in the cart to Wednesday's market, which falls on the twenty-eighth, and will no doubt be consummated, with due proportions of sage and onions, by the good people of Bilsbury on the day following. By far the greater number of the geese, however, will have to make the pilgrimage to Bilsbury on foot, under the pilotage of a gooseherd, who will patiently lead them thither on the Wednesday previous. From Bilsbury such of them as are sold will find their way to various parts of the country, some of them doubtless to London, where they may have the honour of figuring at some aldermanic banquet, in company with turbot and turtle, venison, champagne and tipsy-cake: some, kept for a prolonged term, will be crammed to double their rural dimensions, to adorn a civic banquet; and the remainder left unsold may find their way back to Tangle, and become, perhaps, the progenitors of a new race, destined to celebrate the Michaelmas of another year.

But Michaelmas Day is not only goose-day—it is also rent-day. The squire, who is Dobbs's landlord (though a good part of Dobbs's farm is his own land), is also owner of a round number of farms of greater or less extent in the neighbourhood. Some of the holders pay their rent only once a year, and some of them pay quarterly; but all pay on Michaelmas Day; and, according to the good old custom, which the squire has no wish to abolish, those who bring him his rent partake of his hospitality, and that without stint. Further, on this day, they pay the squire himself, and not an uninterested agent; so that if any of them have anything to say, they have now an opportunity of saying it, which they would have at no other quarter day in the year, as the squire would not be at home. As a practical farmer himself, the squire enjoys their company; he presides at the head of the supper table, and sets his tenants an example of conviviality and unreserve. The rent nights at the hall at this season are always an occasion of festivity, and it is generally a late hour when the party breaks up.

September is an eventful month among the feathered tribes. Fowls often continue to catch the nightingale just as he is preparing to part with us; but, a few days later than the middle of the month, you may look for him in vain. In the early days, too, swallows are seen and heard, darting and twittering hither and thither, and day after day the tumult and confusion among them seems to increase. But all at once you make the dis-

covery that the whole tribe of them are gone; their clay nests are deserted, and you miss their short cheerful note and the rapid flickering of their glancing wings. Perhaps by the time you have become conscious of their absence, they have flown hundreds of miles over land and sea, and are already within sight of their next destination, on the coasts of the Mediterranean or the northern shores of Africa. Among the other departures which take place in September are those of the whitethroat, the wheatear, the blackcap and the yellow wagtail.

At the same time, numbers of those birds which spend their winter with us begin to arrive: among them the most familiarly known are the snipe, the fieldfare, the redwing thrush, and perhaps the least known is the sea-curlew, which in winter dwells along the coasts.

The insect world now begins to manifest unmistakable signs of uneasiness. The most remarkable at this season are the lady-birds, present in large numbers, and the curious moths, the hawk-moth, and the death's-head moth, which the collector may meet with in gardens; the latter is said to utter a faint cry when captured. All the smaller tribes of winged insects are now greatly diminished in numbers: the caterpillars are passing into the chrysalis state, and may be seen on almost every bush and plant, in the crannies of brick walls and on the bark of old trees, seeking some retreat in which to pass the coming winter safe from their enemies. Some have wrapped themselves in silken cocoons, while others have merely hardened their outer skins, and remain in motionless solitude awaiting their coming change. The blue-bottles, the blow-flies, and the smaller species now congregate in our houses, and we find it a difficult matter to get rid of them; if they settle on the hand or face, you feel their bite, and they are more sluggish in their movements as the days shorten and the temperature declines. Out of doors the spiders are committing terrible havoc among them. The spinner especially has spread his slimy nets everywhere, and you cannot walk forth without meeting his snares at every turn. Out on the meadows and the moors the gossamer spider not only floats around and above you in the air, but he has woven a net-work of threads above the surface of the grass, so dense and abundant that if you walk through it for a few minutes you will find your garments covered with a leather-like film as thick as a glove. More than once we have seen a quickset hedge so completely enveloped in the webs of the gossamer spider, that the green of the inclosed leaves was scarcely perceptible through the covering. These little creatures have the power of projecting their webs to a great distance, and in a direct line; they are often seen stretched across navigable canals and narrow streams; the web bears its owner aloft in the air, and their presence in such numbers on the ground is said to be owing to an access of sudden moisture in the atmosphere, which overloads and presses them down.

The pursuits of the angler, so far as there is any pleasure attachable to them, may be said to finish for the year in September. Through the best part of this month the perch is in good condition, and

may be caught readily in streams wherever there is wood-work submerged in the water. The dace also bites freely, and is in season. But the fish of September is the salt-water fish, the herring, which this month brings to our shores in countless numbers, supplying at once employment for thousands and food for hundreds of thousands of the population. The herring fishery involves a pursuit of far more than ordinary peril, for it has often to be carried on in a boisterous sea while the equinoctial gales are blowing. The excitements of the occupation are however enjoyed by the fisherman, to whom the deep sea is a kind of lottery in which he may at any moment draw a grand prize. It is for this that he

"sails out into the west,
Into the west as the sun goes down,"

and toils upon the dark heaving billows the live-long night; and too often, alas! never comes back to gladden the longing eyes that await his return. It is a sad price to pay for Yarmouth bloaters; but so it is;

"And men must work, and women must weep"—

not indeed that we may have bloaters for breakfast, but that the great machine of social and economical routine, which goes ever grinding on for the general benefit, may not come to a stand-still.

And now, as the bleak north wind is blowing fresh, and the surges are dashing madly on the shore, we may bid farewell to September. Listen to the howling of the gale through the long leafy avenues of the forest! See how the playful larch and the meek birch bend and bow to the rushing blast—how the flying leaves shiver and shimmer through the air, darting and glancing like so much watery scud swept from the crest of a billow! And hark! Crash—boom! there goes the old elm that has stood for more than a hundred years without bending to the storm, and, only because it would not bend, has broken short off at last. Like many another proud form, it was rotten at the heart, and its rottenness is now patent to the view. Let us learn humility, and bend to the storms that blow over us: an elastic and yielding spirit is better than a stubborn one, and will outlast far more of the storms and troubles of life.

A RAMBLE IN THE TYROL.

SHOULD the reader not have seen the Tyrol, we say beforehand that our inadequate descriptions will leave much for imagination to supply, and what imagination so supplies will most likely be unlike the original. Certainly, we cannot wish him a pleasanter wish, than that some summer before long, he may take a trip to the beautiful land, to see it with his own eyes, and so correct his own misapprehensions and fill up our defects.

We shall begin by glancing at scenes not in the Tyrol properly so called, but on the borders of it, and we may say naturally belonging to it, skirting, as they do, the mountains that wall it in on the north side. Of this scenery, certain lakes form striking and characteristic portions. We start

from Munich, on the road to Salzburg, taking the Chiem See and the Koenig See by the way. The first day's ride is pleasant; flat, broad, open country with dim looking hills to the south, very inviting, drawing us on toward them, with rich promise of beauty and grandeur. The first glimpse on the first day, of that promise in its glory, is from a hill at the back of the little town of Aibling; the second from another hill, some miles further on, rising on the east side of Rosenheim; whence, looking back, there is a charming river scene, with meadow-banks all open, and looking forward there are mountains one behind and above another, a dark conical hill yonder, before a huge limestone mass, rosy tinted with the setting sun. The Rosenheim hill is our Pisgah this first night; the still far off mountain-range, to the south east, our Land of Promise.

The next day we go on, through fields of rich grain, the highway slightly fenced by fruit trees. The Chiem See, the first lake, breaks on us with beautiful effect at Weisham. It is twelve miles long, and nine broad, and its surface is diversified by islands. The prospect from the bridge of the village detains one by its loveliness; the surface of the lake is so calm and bright, the sunshine silvering it so, the tiny ripples about the rushes springing up on the shore side, looking so diamond-like; and still the Tyrolese mountains before us are ever growing in their breadth and height, their distinctness of form and their depth of colour. We halt again at noon at a pleasant village in a romantic valley, hill and valley now becoming more bold and definite. Further still, we come on scenery strongly reminding us of the Vale of Balquhider in Scotland, between Loch Earnhead and Calendar; further still we find ourselves in a gorge, but for its winding not unlike Killiecrankie. We are now among the mountains of our Land of Promise; they rise on both sides; we are on a road cut zig-zag in the left hand mountain, some distance up from the bottom, where a broad torrent rolls and foams. The right hand rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the bed of the torrent. A wayside inn, picturesque and Swiss-like, stands on the edge of the platform which constitutes our roadway; on benches outside, travellers are sitting, looking down into the gulf and the stream, looking up the sides of the mountains which shut them in—mountains clad with firs and brushwood. To the south-east, through the narrow opening left in the gorge, there are the grand old limestones seen again. Descending this huge winding alley, among the everlasting hills, we come out at length upon a broad but mountain-girdled plain, where stands Reichenhall in the distance, we passing on our way to that good old town, a little lake—a perfect mirror, as smooth as glass and as clear, the colours on the water of reflected objects being just as rich as the colours on the land.

Next morning we get further in, through passes among rocks wedged in with rocks, till we approach Berchtesgaden, a little town of straggling streets, hanging on the side of a rich valley, the same side dotted too, here and there, with beautiful villas, on

terraced ledges of the mountains; and beyond, an immense double-headed Alp, called the Watsman, towering up into the sky, the top looking like the two sides of a mitre—a cloud curling round, covering and playing with it. Our ride is through a paradise; but while we use that word we feel how vague it is, for there are many kinds of paradises still remaining in our sin-stricken world. Well, this paradise is of the following kind: a road sometimes bordered with noble trees; meadows and fields below on the right hand, seen through the trees; then hills on the left; hills, too, further off on the right; then, limestone mountains still a-head, with the huge Watsman keeping sentry above them all.

Through a thickly wooded road we come to the Koenig See, a lake of surpassing beauty, inclosed in the heart of a mountainous district, reserved as hunting grounds for the King of Bavaria, where the chamois afford much royal sport. The lake winds, and is six miles long, but not more than one and a half broad. It is quite shut in by mountainous rocks, often shooting up perpendicularly from the water, particularly on the right hand, as you enter on it from Berchtesgaden. On the other side it is rather less steep, affording here and there landing-places—little shelving pieces of green earth tufted with trees, the great mountains at whose foot they lie, soaring above them in grandeur indescribable. There are boat-houses and long flat-bottomed boats, rowed by women as well as men, the women, like the men, wearing conical hats tied with a gilt cord and tassel, with black bodice and white sleeves, coarse woollen footless stockings, naked insteps, and clumsy hob-nailed shoes. We embark. The sun is shining most brilliantly, the air clear, the water like crystal. You can see to the bottom, where stumps of trees, weeds, and water-plants are as distinct as possible, while the prismatic effects of the light on the ripples above make the water seem as if covered with chains and rings of gold, green, yellow, and crimson. All is still and solitary as we row on. It is the stillness that speaks so sublimely to the heart, the solitude that peoples the mind with grand thoughts. A single boat is seen in the distance. A pistol is fired, and the report thunders and thunders, rolling in billowy sounds up and down the great ravines. On one side of the lake we land to see a romantic waterfall and rustic bridge; on the other side we land on a broad hay-field, with a castle by it on the water's edge; women are working with enormously pronged forks, and men are carrying immense bundles of hay on their heads. The further end of the lake is bolder, grander, ruder than the other end. It is very awe-inspiring, and suggestive of lofty and deep thoughts about the Infinite, the Eternal, and the Divine. The sides of the mountains are often bare, furrowed by water-courses. They often bristle with wild fir forests, like bear-skin mantles hanging on the shoulders and arms of giants. Wild water birds fly about or sail. Eagles are haunting the hills. The memory of the Koenig See is one of the richest memories of other lands which we cherish.

Away to Salzburg! And how can we speak

of Salzburg, that brave old "city on a hill that cannot be hid;" that fine hill that swells upon the back of the winding river Salza; that noble Salza, which comes flowing along at the foot of sloping hills; those sloping hills which look so noble and so beautiful, as one stands by the castle walls which crown the mound of the city; that mound, girt about with streets and public buildings, churches with domes—cupola roofs, quaint looking at a distance, not artistically admirable. A long bridge crosses the river, at the foot of the town, and is crowded with people—peasants, soldiers, citizens, priests, friars. Climbing up the steep road to the castle, you find there are now barracks in what was once the palace and fortress of the bishops of Salzburg, princes, petty kings of yore. It is horrible to look into the prisons, to see the remains of racks and tortures; pleasant to survey some of the state apartments, now restored, brilliantly painted and gilded, according to mediæval fashion and taste, so that one can repeople it with the bishop prince and his court, his chaplain, priests, and guards. Ascending the Nonnberg, a terrace at the back of the hill, one of the fairest prospects in the world is to be seen. Has the reader been to Stirling in Scotland? or to Interlachen in Switzerland? Both are combined in the view from the Nonnberg. Meadows of the softest emerald, corn-fields of yellow gold, cover as with a carpet a vast plain, dotted and lined here and there with trees; far-off mountains stand all round this garden of nature, and most conspicuous among them is the Untersberg, a gigantic pyramidal heap of rock.

All that we have spoken of hitherto belongs to the outer side of the mountain range which forms the northern border of the Tyrol, and indeed is not in the country called the Tyrol. We now pass to the inner side of the range, and get to Tyrol proper. The Tyrol is divided into north and south: we can only speak of the north, as we did not visit the south; but with regard to the whole, it may be observed that it consists of one great valley running north and south, and of two great lateral valleys running east and west. You are never out of a valley of some kind, except when you get up the sides of the mountains which make the valleys. The valleys are sometimes narrow, sometimes broad, sometimes swelling out in a good wide spacious plain; but still there are the mountains all round you, and, as you go on, you soon get into some gorge again. Travelling on the Rhine, we once met with a Pole, who complained bitterly of the hills enclosing the river. He wanted to get into an open country, where there was nothing to confine the view, to narrow the horizon, to check the sweep of the winds and the flow of the breeze. Such a man, of course, would not enjoy the Tyrol; he would feel like a prisoner in it. Yet has the spirit of freedom ever dwelt more amidst mountains than in plains.

What a glorious valley that is, on the road from Salzburg to Innsbruck, all the way from Lofer to St. Johann. The valley gets narrow at Lofer. It is of the wildest and grandest description, yet beautiful. Narrow valleys, in some countries, become savage and terrible as you get further into

them. There is nothing savage and terrible in this valley, nor indeed in any of the Tyrol. You find wood everywhere; the firs cover not only the lower parts of the mountains, but they go mounting up to the tops. There is a fulness of vegetation everywhere. It is all life, life, life. The valleys of the Tyrol are never valleys of the shadow of death. Hour after hour, there come the same general character of scenery, yet without any monotony. The contour, the disposition, the direction, the vegetation of the mountains, on both sides, vary; that is all the variety, but that is variety enough. At St. Johann, half-way between Salzburg and Innsbruck, the valley intersects another; so that four valleys appear to meet there.

The road gets into the valley of the river Inn, beyond St. Johann. The valley is very much wider than that just noticed, for some distance. Ratteburg, a filthy town, if ever there was one, stands romantically at one point of the Inn valley. The rocks and the river are very noble here. Schwaz is another Tyrolese town, further on to the south, with a very noble church. Hall, more southerly still, is famous for its salt mines.

[To be continued.]

WHITEFIELD IN AMERICA.

DURING the first visit of Mr. Whitefield to Philadelphia, an interesting circumstance occurred. Whitefield preached one evening standing on the steps of the courthouse, in Market Street, which became his favourite spot during that and subsequent visits. A youth some thirteen years of age stood near him, and held a lantern; but, becoming deeply absorbed in the sermon, and strongly agitated, the lantern fell from his hands, and was dashed in pieces. Those near the boy, observing the cause of the accident, felt interested, and for a few moments the meeting was discomposed by the occurrence. Some fourteen years afterwards, Mr. Whitefield, on his fifth visit to this country, was visiting St. George's, in Delaware. He was one day riding out with the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, then settled as the minister at St. George's, in the closed carriage in which Whitefield generally rode. Mr. Rodgers asked him whether he recollected the occurrence of the little boy who was so affected with his preaching as to let his lantern fall. Mr. Whitefield replied, "O yes, I remember it well; and have often thought I would give almost anything in my power to know who that little boy was, and what had become of him." Mr. Rodgers replied, with a smile, "I am that little boy." Mr. Whitefield, with tears of joy, started from his seat, took him in his arms, and, with strong emotion, remarked, that he was the *fourteenth* person then in the ministry whom he had discovered in the course of that visit to America in whose conversion he had, under God, been instrumental.

From Philadelphia, Whitefield went to New York.

Of this visit we have a graphic account, furnished by one of his hearers, for "Prince's Christian History." Of the first sermon in the fields, the writer says: "I fear curiosity was the motive that led me and many others into that assembly. I had read two or three of Mr. Whitefield's sermons and part of his Journal, and from them had obtained a settled opinion that he was a good man. Thus far was I prejudiced in his favour. But then, having heard of so much opposition, and many clamours against him, I thought it possible he might have carried matters too far; that some enthusiasm might have mixed itself with his piety, and that his zeal might have exceeded his knowledge. With these prepossessions I went into the fields. When I came there, I saw a great number of people, consisting of Christians of all denomi-

nations, some Jews, and a few, I believe, of no religion at all. When Mr. Whitefield came to the place designated, which was a little eminence on the side of a hill, he stood still and beckoned with his hand, and disposed the multitude upon the descent before and on each side of him. He then prayed most excellently, in the same manner, I suppose, that the first ministers of the Christian Church prayed. The assembly soon appeared to be divided into two companies, the one of which I considered as God's church, and the other the devil's chapel. The first were collected round the minister, and were very serious and attentive; the last had placed themselves in the skirts of the assembly, and spent most of their time in giggling, scoffing, talking, and laughing. I believe the minister saw them, for in his sermon, remarking on the cowardice and shamefacedness in Christ's cause, he pointed towards *this* assembly, and reproached the former, those who seemed to be Christians, with the boldness and zeal with which the devil's vassals serve him. Towards the last prayer the whole assembly appeared more united, and all became hushed and still; a solemn awe and reverence appeared in the faces of most, a mighty energy attending the word. I heard and felt something astonishing and surprising, but I confess I was not at that time fully rid of my scruples. But as I thought I saw a visible presence of God with Mr. Whitefield, I kept my doubts to myself.

"Under this frame of mind, I went to hear him in the evening at the Presbyterian church, where he expounded to above two thousand people within and without doors. I never in my life saw so attentive an audience. All he said was demonstration, life, and power. The people's eyes and ears hung on his lips. They greedily devoured every word. I came home astonished. Every scruple vanished; I never saw nor heard the like; and I said within myself, 'Surely God is with this man of a truth.' He preached and expounded in this manner twice every day for four days, and his evening assemblies were continually increasing.

"On Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, his congregation consisted of about fifteen hundred people; but at night several thousands came together to hear him; and the place being too strait for them, many were forced to go away, and some, it is said, with tears lamented their disappointment. After sermon he left New York at ten at night, to fulfil a promise that he had made to preach at Elizabethtown, at eleven A.M. the next day."

We give a few paragraphs from the same vigorous pen, relating to the personal manners and the doctrines of our evangelist. "He is a man of a middle stature, of a slender body, of a fair complexion, and of a comely appearance. He is of a sprightly, cheerful temper, and acts and moves with great agility and life. The endowments of his mind are very uncommon; his wit is quick and piercing; his imagination lively and florid; and, as far as I can discern, both are under the direction of an exact and solid judgment. He has a most ready memory, and I think speaks entirely without notes. He has a clear and musical voice, and a wonderful command of it. He uses much gesture, but with great propriety. Every accent of his voice, every motion of his body *speaks*, and both are natural and unaffected. If his delivery is the product of art, it is certainly the perfection of it, for it is entirely concealed. He has a great mastery of words, but studies much plainness of speech.

"His doctrine is right *sterling*. He loudly proclaims all men by nature to be under sin, and obnoxious to the wrath and curse of God. He maintains the absolute necessity of supernatural grace to bring men out of this state. He asserts the righteousness of Christ to be the only cause of the justification of the sinner; that this is received by faith; that this faith is the gift of God; that where faith is wrought, it brings the sinner under the deepest sense of his guilt and unworthiness to the footstool of sovereign grace, to accept of mercy as the free gift of God, only for Christ's sake. He denies that good works have any share in our justification, but affirms that they necessarily flow from it as streams from the fountain."

VARIETIES.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—Let us consider a little of the domestic economy of our forefathers, and see if the fancies in which some writers have indulged about the hospitable plenty and comfort that always reigned in the houses of the worshipful of the land are warranted by the facts of the case. The roast beef of Old England, "the very fame of whose name has grown into our being," was positively unheard of; the only use that beeves were of was undoubtedly to salt and boil; and bread was a great luxury, not in common use even by the nobles; and as to the nut-brown ale, what could it have been before the time of Henry VII, when hops were first introduced into the country? The records of the Percy family, in the time of Henry VII, show the extreme coarseness of the mode of living; and an extract or two from the household book of that famous family will give a better idea of the manner in which the most famous noble of the time lived, than anything else I know of. The permanent household numbered 166 persons, and the average of guests was fifty; and the whole of the washing for these 216 persons was, for one year, 40s., a sum probably equal to £40 in the present day, most of which was for the chapel linen. From Midsummer to Michaelmas was the only time they indulged in fresh meat, and the instructions say, "My lord has on his table, for breakfast, at seven in the morning, a quart of beer and wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones; and on flesh days, half a chine of beef or mutton boiled." At dinner, men ranking as knights had a table-cloth, which was washed once a month; and as they had no napkins, and the fingers were extensively used in feeding, this portion at least of their linen must have been in a sad condition. Until the thirteenth century, straw was the bed of kings; and before that date the king and his family slept in the same chamber. The first change was to throw a coverlid over the sleeper; then, another was used, and the persons undressed, their linen being substituted for blankets. Beatrice says she would "as lief sleep in a woollen," which shows, I think, that such a thing was done even in Shakespeare's time. The use of nothing but coarse dirty woollen next the skin, seldom changed, and the heavy, exciting nature of the highly-salted food, on which all lived, of course tended to produce those diseases for which hospitals were founded in this city, as in most others.—*The Builder*.

CITY SWORDS.—There are four swords belonging to the citizens of London. 1. The Sword of State, borne before the Lord Mayor, as the emblem of his civic authority. This is the sword which is surrendered to the sovereign at Temple Bar, when she comes within the City of London. 2. Another is called the Pearl Sword, from the nature of its ornaments, and is carried before the Lord Mayor on all occasions of ceremony or festivity. 3. The third is a sword placed at the Central Criminal Court, above the Lord Mayor's chair. 4. The fourth is a Black Sword, to be used in Lent, and on days of public fasts, and on the death of any of the royal family.—*City Press*.

COST OF CEILING PAINTING.—Sir Peter Paul Rubens received for his painting of the grand *plafond* at the banqueting-house, Whitehall, the sum of £4000. The space covered by this painting is about 400 yards, so that he was paid nearly £10 a yard. Sir James Thornhill, the first Englishman who received knighthood for his ability in art, was paid only £3 a yard for the laborious work on the ceiling of Greenwich Hospital, and only £1 a yard for painting the ornaments on the walls. "The Duke of Montague," says Sir James Thornhill, in his memorial to the commissioners for building the hospital, "paid Monsieur Rosso for his saloon £2000, and kept an extraordinary table for him, his friends, and servants, for two years, while the work was doing, at an expense estimated at £500 per annum." Signor Verrio was paid for the whole palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court—ceilings, sides, and backstairs—at 8s. a foot,

which is £3 12s. a yard, exclusive of gilding, had wages daily allowed to him, lodgings in the palaces, and, when his eyesight failed him, a pension of £200 per annum, and an allowance of wine for life. Signor Rizzi had of the Duke of Bedford £1000 for painting three rooms; for the little chapel at Bulstrode, £600; from Lord Burlington, for his staircase, £700; Signor Pellegrini, of the Duke of Portland, for work in his house, £800; and for a small picture over a chimney-piece, £50; of the Earl of Burlington, for the sides of his hall, £200. Other instances might be given to show the large amount of employment this now comparatively unused description of house decoration once afforded to artists of ability.

IMPORTED RABBITS.—Since the passing of the amended tariff of the late Sir R. Peel, the rabbit trade of Belgium has been gradually increasing from year to year. The "Journal de Bruges" has the following paragraph on the subject:—"There can be no doubt whatever of the increasing importance of trade in Belgian rabbits. Flanders, where this industry is most flourishing, exports to England on an average 50,000 rabbits per week, or 2,600,000 in the year. Those quadrupeds are principally reared in the districts of Ghent, Ecclloo, Thielt, Ruysselede, etc. Twice every week, namely, on Tuesday and Friday, waggons filled with rabbits discharge their loads at the station d'Aelre, to be forwarded to London. The city of Ecclloo contributes to the total amount of the exportations a contingent of about 78,000 rabbits."

SCARCITY OF BOOKS.—The statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford, in the reign of Henry VI, show how great must have been the inconveniences and impediments to study in those days, from the scarcity of books: "Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same." Still there was a great number of books at an early period of the Church, when one book was given out by the librarian to each of a religious fraternity at the beginning of Lent, to be read diligently during the year, and to be returned the following Lent. Books were first kept in chests, and next chained to the desks, lest their rarity and value might tempt those who used them; and it was a very common thing to write in the first leaf of a book, "Cursed be he who shall steal or tear out the leaves, or in any way injure this book;" an anathema which, in a modified form, we have seen written in books of the present day.—*From Timb's "School Days of Eminent Men."*

AN INDIAN FABLE.—There is an Eastern story, which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel, to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take her way across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the tallest and the largest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward, and never to pause in her path, or to step backwards in quest of her object. In proportion to the size and ripeness of the ear she gathered, so would be its power as a talisman. She went out upon her quest, says the legend, and entered upon the field. Many tall stalks of surpassing excellence met her glance, but she still walked onwards, expecting always to discover some one more excellent still. At last she reached a portion of the field where the crop was thinner, and the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall and graceful stalks she had left behind, but disdained to pluck those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But, alas! the stems grew still more ragged and more scanty as she trod onwards; on the margin of the field they were rank and mildewed, and when she had accomplished her walk through the waving grain, she emerged on the other side, without having gathered any ear whatever. The genius rebuked her for her folly, but we are not told that he gave her any opportunity of retrieving her error. We may apply this mystic little Indian fable to the realities of daily life.